



A decorative border in a light blue-grey color frames the entire page. It consists of a double-line rectangular border with ornate, carved corner pieces at each of the four corners.

The DE LANOIS

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIOR CLASS

OF THE

DELAND TOWNSHIP HIGH
SCHOOL



VOLUME I

DE LAND, ILLINOIS

1919

Printed by The Tribune, DeLand, Ill.

TO
Mr. Wm. O. Jones
SUPERINTENDENT AND CLASS
ADVISOR

WE DEDICATE
THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE
DeLanois

FOREWORD!

Getting out a High School Annual, filling it with interesting reading matter, well compiled and making it pay, is the complex task which the Class of 1919 has had to face. This is the first edition of the Annual, and we have the task of setting the example for later classes. How well we have succeeded we leave you to judge. With malice toward none, we have endeavored to represent the departments of D. T. H. S., not always in a serious way, but always kindly.

To friends, students and alumni, we send greetings. May our mistakes serve to warn others of the snares that beset the paths of those who shall be editors of future volumes and may our achievements inspire our successors to greater efforts.

DE LANOIS STAFF.



DeLanois
Staff



1919



CLASS OFFICERS

President ----- Opal Bickel
Vice President ----- Shirley Troxel
Secretary ----- Russell Troxel
Treasurer ----- Gerald Holforty

Class Colors ----- Old Gold and Alice Blue
Motto ----- "Only a Commencement"
Flower ----- Pink Carnation

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief ----- Opal Bickel
Assistant Editor-in-Chief ----- Russell Troxel
Business Manager ----- Gerald Holforty
Assistant Business Manager ----- Shirley Troxel
Junior Class Editor ----- Elva Conner
Sophomore Class Editor ----- Geneva Porter
Freshman Class Editor ----- Leonora Grethe
Society Editor ----- Cleo Porter
Cartoonist ----- Clarence Smith
Joke Editor ----- William Ahlrichs
Athletic Editor ----- Leo Benson

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Illinois State Normal University

Music and Drawing

U



STAFFORD L. SIMER

Millikin University and University of Illinois

Mathematics and History

L

T

Y



MARTHA McCAMMON, A. B.

University of Illinois

English and History

1956

As I sit before the fire,
And the wind is sobbing low
Seems I hear old voices whisper
While old faces come and go.
My mind then wanders backwards,
And I seem a youth once more,
Walking toward the dear school yard
As I did in days of yore.

Youthful faces come before me
Friends I've known in other days.
Some have mounted Fortune's ladder
All are traveling scattered ways.
Faces of our foster parents,
Those who led our wayward feet
Thru the steps in Learning's pathway,
Round them linger memories sweet.

As the hours and days slip o'er us
And we slowly older grow,
Thoughts of youth and childhood fancies
Cause our hearts once more to glow.
And we still look toward the future
Hoping that for every one,
At the last may come God's blessing
And his welcome, "Child! Well Done!"

SENIORS



WILLIAM GEORGE AHLRICH

Joke Editor, '19
"Abe Martin Wedding," '19
"Merchants' Carnival," '16
"Claim Allowed," '18
"Fifteenth of January," '17
Orchestra, '18
Senior Class Play, '19
Base Ball Team, '19



He is not only witty himself, but is the cause of wit in others.



LEO LEONARD BENSON

Athletic Editor, '19
Senior Class Play, '19
Captain Base Ball Team, '19

We don't know much about you but that little is good.

ALBERTA OPAL BICKEL

Editor in Chief, '19
Class President, '19
President Girls' Glee Club, '19
"Claim Allowed," '18
"An Irish Eden," '15
"Abe Martin Wedding," '19
Senior Class Play, '19



What shall we say of her who can speak for herself?

CHARLES GERALD HOLFORTY



Business Manager, '19
Boys' Glee Club, '19
Orchestra, '18, '19
Treasurer of Class, '19
"Abe Martin Wedding," '19
"Claim Allowed," '18
"Merchants' Carnival," '16
"Fifteenth of January," '17
Senior Class Play, '19
Base Ball Team, '19

Describe him who can, an abridgement of all that is pleasant in man.

CLEO MARGARET PORTER

Social Editor, '19

"Fifteenth of January," '17

Orchestra, '18, '19

"Abe Martin Wedding," '19

"Merchants' Carnival," '16

Senior Class Play, '19



A modest flush she wears not formed by art.



CLARENCE GUS SMITH

Art Editor and Cartoonist, '19

"Abe Martin Wedding," '19

"Merchants' Carnival," '16

Senior Class Play, '19

Base Ball Team, '19

Silence Personified.

RUSSELL BROUGH TROXEL

Assistant Editor in Chief, '19

Class Secretary, '19

"An Irish Eden," '15

"Claim Allowed," '18

"Fifteenth of January," '17

"Abe Martin Wedding," '19

"Merchants' Carnival," '16

Boys' Glee Club, '19

Senior Class Play, '19



"He knew himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."



SHIRLEY MONROE TROXEL

Vice-President of Class, '19

Assistant Business Manager, '19

"Fifteenth of January," '17

"Claim Allowed," '18

Boys' Glee Club, '19

"Abe Martin Wedding," '19

"Merchants' Carnival," '16

Orchestra, '19

Senior Class Play, '19

O, what may man within him hide, though angel on the outward side.

Class History

It was a lonely, dreary, rainy Sunday in March and, after tiring of reading and playing with the cat, I began to wander about the house not knowing what to do. Suddenly I found myself at the attic door and some impulse led me to open it and go up. The first thing that met my eyes was an old chest where I had thrust many articles which I wished to keep as reminders of old times. I sat down and opened the chest. Goodness! What a conglomeration met my eyes. Letters, bit of paper, pictures, souvenirs, and ribbons, all of which reminded me of past events.

Suddenly my hands landed on a black book. It was my old diary. I opened it and found myself reading, "Sept. 1, 1915, School opened today." This brot to my mind the picture of many eager boys and girls, with smiling faces, trudging toward the DeLand High School. Among them were the fourteen freshmen to be. Altho they may have been called "green, silly, little freshies," by the upper classes, they were eager to make the best of what life offered. Of the fourteen who entered on that September morning, only six are to graduate. Some have dropped out, others have entered, but seventy-five per cent of the "Class of Nineteen" were together during the entire four yars.

Very few dates of interest appear on the record of our first year in High School. Occasionally some of us wandered from the straight and narrow way, only to be brot to a sudden halt and turned again into the right road by our teachers.

May 16, 1916 was the date of the County Oratorical Contest in Monticello. Two members of our class carried home silver medals and one who later became a member of the class was successful in winning a gold one.

Rapidly turning the pages, I soon came to the date, Sept. 4, 1916, when we returned to high school for the second year. One of our original number was missing. On Oct. 1, 1916, we lost one member. On Oct. 30, a new member entered our class. He stay was short but long-remembered because of the suddenness of her departure. Jan. 1, 1917, we lost another. All of the losses in membership mentioned so far, are accredited to "quituation." On Jan. 10, 1917, one of our boys moved south amid great wailing on the part of the then Freshmen (For further particulars inquire of Elva). The next date of great importance I find is May 4, '17. On this date we gave a jollification in honor of the "dignified" Seniors. May 16, was the date of the Annual Oratorical contest, and one of our class brot back second honors.

During our summer vacation, we looked forward to being ranked as Seniors when school should open again. When on Sept. 3, 1917, we wended our way once more to the old school house, we found ourselves Juniors with two full years between ourselves and graduation. This fact was due to the authorities having decided to make ours a four year high school. One more teacher was added to our faculty. Two new faces were seen in our class. One, having spent the previous winter in the wilds of Texas among the cowboys and greasers, had returned home and we felt sorry for her lonesome condition, we opened our hearts and doors of our class to receive her. The other came to us on Oct. 29, from the thriving city of Lodge. Having reached the limits of the educational system of that cosmopolitan center, he came to us and we gladly received him.

On Nov. 27, 1917, I find we were called "babies" by Mr. Jones, after doing some act which met his displeasure.

On rapidly turning the pages I find that every month, the high school was entertained by those pupils having birthdays in that month. Nothing more of great importance appeared, so I closed my diary and decided to look in the new one kept this year.

On Sept. 2, 1918, we assembled for the beginning of our last year in high school. One member of our class was missing because of the call of "Uncle Sam." On Sept. 30, the Seniors gave a farewell party to two more of our number who were leaving for the S. A. T. C.

On Oct. 3, the Seniors attended a club reception.

Between the dates of Oct. 14, 1918 and Nov. 13, 1919, and again between Nov. 29, 1918 and Jan. 13, 1919, we were out of school on account of the influenza. These breaks made it necessary to work much harder the last part of the year. It was during the second of these enforced vacations that the saddest event of the entire four years of our high school life occurred. On Dec. 7, 1918, two of our classmates separated themselves from us forever to unit themselves more closely together in the bonds of matrimony. Our sorrow would have been inconsolable had it not been that about the same time the S. A. T. C. was demobilized and Bill returned to us. We think Pete would have come too had he not been trying to work up his courage to follow in the footsteps of our dear departed Gerald and Ersie.

After reviewing the events of the past, I could not help but feel a flutter of excitement as I thot of what was yet to come. I laid away my cherished diaries and am still eagerly waiting for what the future may bring.

CLEO PORTER, '19

SENIOR CHARACTERISTICS

Name	Striking Characteristic	Obvious Defect	Future Occupation	Excuse for butting in
Russell Troxel	His mouth	Late arrival at school	Piano Tuner	Is not known
Leo Benson	Sweet Smiles	Nervousness	Ice Man	Disposition pre-vents it
Shirley Troxel	Feminine Voice	Knowledge	Bookkeeper	Need not be stated
Clarence Smith	Yellow Hair	Too Studious	Poet	He never does
William Ahlrichs	Quietness	Chewing Gum	Clown	"Where is my Economics?"
Opal Bickel	Seriousness (?)	Ability to talk	Dancing Teacher	Inherited from her sister
Gerald Holforty	Well developed muscles	English Recitations	Married Man	'Just a word please'
Cleo Porter	Her Escort	Size	Beauty Specialist	"Got your Latin?"

CLASS POEM

There's a class in dear old High School
Budded four short years ago,
That has grown up and developed
As you see a blossom grow;
Just as in a pink carnation,
Chosen emblem of the class,
We behold the perfect blossom
When it's bloom-time comes to pass.

Careful study brot the blossoms
To a standard firm and true,
To their full and glorious budding
To delight the world anew.
And our loyal, earnest teachers,
Working with unfaltering will,
Aided this our sturdy plant life,
It's true place in life to fill.

Classmates, we have worked together,
Now the parting of our ways,
Breaks the comradeship we've cherished
But 'twill gladden other days.
When our memory spreads before us
Pictures of school days so bright,
We shall find our way less weary
And our burdens grown more light.

For our motto we have chosen,
Words that fill and thrill us all;
And as each our way pursuing
Thru the years, grow strong and tall,
We will keep in mind this motto,
And will try our task anew
Keeping "Only a Commencement,"
As a watchword still in view.

—OPAL BICKEL '19

CLASS WILL

Judging from the frowns and other bewildering expressions on the faces of our teachers and of the underclassmen, and feeling that we have just about "done our bit," we, the Senior Class of Nineteen Nineteen of DeLand Township High School, do, while still able to give vent to our feelings, make known and publish this our last will and testament to our unsuspecting school-mates.

The various items have been made out after the most painstaking thought and it is our united decision that any pupil, teacher, or other legatee who is dissatisfied with our awards, be, and is, hereby given our most hearty sympathy.

To the Class of 1920, we bequeath the right to become full-fledged and dignified Seniors, provided they are capable of living up to the reputation that we leave behind.

To the incoming Freshman Class, we bequeath our good terms with the Faculty.

To the Sophs, we bequeath our unassuming and quiet manner of conducting ourselves on the way to and from classes.

To the Student Body, we bequeath the pleasure and glory of the "long-wished-for," new high school.

To the Public, we bequeath the honorable upright citizens we will make, resulting from our four years course in D. T. H. S.

To the Faculty, we bequeath our heartfelt sympathy while settling controversies resulting over credits.

In addition to the foregoing, we have also some individual bequests:

William Ahlrichs to Merle Berry, his ability as a joker and his super-abundant wit.

Clarence Smith to John Frye, his inventive genius.

Gerald Holforthy to Ray Bartley, his great athletic skill.

Russell Troxel to Homer Prine, his ability to read music and his place in the Glee Club.

Opal Bickel to Cleo Wisegarver, her freedom of speech.

Shirley Troxel to Holdo Riggins, his ambitious nature and his artistic temperament.

Cleo Porter to Marie McBride, her wonderful intellect.

Leo Benson to Hugh Plankenhorn, his skill at the bowling alley.

Upon leaving for the South in '17, Everett Carrier left in our care a number of unclaimed kisses. As we have no further use for them we desire to bequeath them to Elva Conner. (A part have already been delivered).

William Ahlrichs to Eugene Sparrow, his good standing with the Freshman girls and with the cooking class.

Shirley Troxel to John Frye, the well known and much-handled book-keeping key.

Cleo Porter to Bernice Trimby, her chair in the front row of the Orchestra and the privilege of smiling sweetly on the Director.

Clarence Smith to Brent Cox, his sweetness of disposition.

Opal Bickel to Clara Anderson, the right to prepare debates and not give them.

Gerald Holforty to Bud Trigg, his trials and tribulations in all affairs of the heart.

Leo Benson to Ray Bartley, his ride from Lodge to DeLand each school day during the school year of '19 and '20. (This does not include Sunday nights, Ray).

Lastly, that the provisions of this will be duly executed, we hereby do jointly and severally appoint Mr. A. E. Grethe, janitor of the DeLand Township High School Building and Grounds, as our executor to serve without pay for such time as may be necessary to finish up the task hereby allotted to him.

Signed, sealed, and disinfected this Twenty-ninth day of May in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nineteen.

"BEANO"

"POLLY"

"HOLFORTY"

"THE TROXEL BROS."

"SMITH"

"SALLY"

"BILL"

* * * *

* Seal *

* * * *

Gerald Holforty—"Say, Mr. Jones, haven't you something to advertise in the Annual?"

Mr. Jones—"Nothing but my wife, and she is not for sale.

"What made the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Cleo P.—"I don't know, but if I did I sure would try it."

Homer—"Did you see that smile Eva Barnes gave me?"

Senior—"That's nothing; the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

Class Prophecy

It is certainly not very pleasant to be waiting for something, when you know that you can use every minute. This is the trying position in which I found myself and you can imagine how I felt. With twenty men, I had contracted to build a derrick on the shore of Lake Erie. I was to have the derrick ready for use within three months time. With the foundation already laid, I was loafing in the bunk house with the rest of the men, waiting for long promised material.

One forenoon the telephone rang long and loudly. I jumped—rushed—and grabbing the receiver I heard a voice say, "This you Holforthy?"

"Yes," said I.

"Alright, a flying train of construction material just left here. It will be there in less than two hours. We want that derrick in less than sixty days. Make it snappy." With that I turned to tell the news to the rest of the gang, but I did not see how they could get here in two hours with Buffalo seventy miles away.

We had been sitting around the fire for about one hour and thirty minutes when the 'phone rang again. I listened and barely heard the words, "Train wrecked completely at Smith's Sand Bar. Help!" I shouted the news to the men, whereupon we rushed down to the small wharf and jumping into some motor boats, we started for the bar at top speed. Upon arriving there, we saw that the whole train had been wrecked, caused by jumping the rail.

In a short time everybody was at the engine. It seems that the fireman escaped uninjured, but the engineer was pinned under the engine. Although he was unconscious, I recognized my old schoolmate, Leo Benson. Binding up his broken leg and the several places where he was badly scalded and bruised, we put him in a motor boat and headed for Buffalo, which was about fifteen miles away.

Arriving at the hospital, we secured two of the best doctors who said that a nurse would arrive in a few minutes. Just then in came a nurse, and whom should it be but another old schoolmate—Cleo Porter.

As I could do no more for Benson, I returned to the wreck. Just as I was walking out on the bar, I saw a person sitting on a small sand hill. His hands were flying back and forth rapidly, when I reached him. I noticed that his fingers were also moving. Thinking that he was another victim of the wreck, I took him by the shoulder and turning his face around I saw the features of my old school friend Russell Troxel, who had been thrown from the train, and was unconscious. In his delirium he was going thru his customary motions of playing a piano. Again I started for the hospital, but, before I

arrived there, Russell regained consciousness and told me of his experience. He had wished to see me and since he was spending a few days in Buffalo had determined to come out on this construction train. He said that he was making a wonderful musical career for himself.

As I had to see about more material for the construction of the derrick I made a hurried trip to Chicago.

One day, as I was passing a large store window, I observed a man making an advertisement sign, just inside the window. As I glanced at him the second time, he reminded me of some on whom I had seen before, but I could not recognize him. I entered the store, advanced to the window and found to my great surprise that it was another of my school friends, Clarence Smith. Smith was designing large advertisements signs for Marshall Field and Co. I told Smith about all my old Classmates whom I had recently met and asked him if he knew anything of Shirley Troxel. Smith said he had just received a letter from Shirley from California and that he was an assistant cashier and since he had a family he had no desire of returning to Illinois. He also stated that he intended to work for a higher position in the bank where he was employed.

With night and day shifts, we barely completed the derrick in sixty days. As I had no other contract for a couple of weeks, I thought I would go home for a short visit.

Upon arriving at DeLand, whom should I meet but another old schoolmate no other than Bill Alhrichs. Bill still wore his S. A. T. C. shoes and hat and still boasted for Wesleyan. Upon inquiring what he was doing he told me that he was farming the home place and had no desire to leave the farm.

I had just started for home when whom should I meet, swinging up the street but Tom O'Brien.

"Hello Tom", said I. "How's Sally?"

"Fine," said Tom, "She's home baking bread. Come over tomorrow and eat dinner with us, we'll have a real feed."

The next day I took dinner with Tom and Sally and two little red-headed Irishmen. As we laughed and joked around the dinner table, I told them all the news that I had recently heard of the Class of '19. We "reminisced" to our heart's content about the good old times which we should never have again—just as old friends always do when they get together. Suddenly a long distance call brought us back to the present. Business again! I just had time to catch an Illinois street car to the Union Aerial Depot for the last ship on the DeLand-Buffalo line.

GERALD HOLFORTHY, '19

VALEDICTORY

Freshmen! Sophomores! Juniors! Seniors! Four years are gone. Four years which were crowded with associations that will remain with us, whatever our future experience may be. The trials and triumphs of these last few weeks of our High School life will be remembered as an important period in the career of all of us. But, in addition to a host of pleasant memories, we hold in mind a higher purpose, which we appreciate and realize is far more essential than the mere remembrance of a few pleasant associations.

We, who are passing out of High School life into more active citizenship, feel that we have a place in national life. We feel that each one of us has a work to do in demonstrating the spirit of patriotism that is within us. Reconstruction is going on all over the world. There is much that needs to be reconstructed; much that should be destroyed. We can all have a part in it. Whatever serves to elevate the people of the land to a higher plane of thought and living, whatever helps to make the nation nobler and better, whatever creates in the world a better place in which to live is forwarding the present day work of reconstruction. We must remember, also, that whatever elevates the individual, elevates to the same degree the community in which that individual lives. We are overflowing with class patriotism and we step forth into the world trying to realize the importance of our own position. We realize, of course, that we are "not bound to make the world go right," but we are sure that, being a part of all "that liberates and lifts," we have a responsibility which demands that each one of us shall endeavor to "do with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints," whatever that work may be. The world expects great things of us and we trust that you too expect great things of us. May you not be disappointed.

To all of us, the education that we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life. Yet, even now, we can realize much more clearly than ever before the fact that an important part of our lives has already elapsed. For the past twelve years we have had our greatest chance to invest in preparation for the future. Now, we see that our equipment for success could have been much more complete if we had only more fully appreciated our opportunity. Much of the training we have acquired has been forced upon us. While we were passing thru those stages of forced development, our minds were temporarily filled with a feeling of resentment toward the efforts of those who were working for our greatest advancement. But now, we remember our school with affection and gratitude. We shall ever feel a noble pride in those who so wisely and generously placed the means

of education within the reach of all of us. For the officers and teachers of our school, we hold an ever-growing regard because of their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

Classmates, let us resolve that in their ambition for making of us men and women they shall not be disappointed. May the colors of our class and all that they symbolize be in a larger sense the principles of the more complete life. May they inspire in us a zeal to make ourselves men and women whom the world should be glad to call her own. Let us, as we separate, go forth with the determination to prove to the world that our school has been an institution holding forth ideals which develop individuals that are worth while. Let us make loyalty our controlling spirit and not only be loyal to our class, our school and our nation, but, more than that, let us be loyal to ourselves. Let us, as we step out into broader fields of endeavor, demonstrate that we are still loyally carrying in our hearts the same spirit of courage, resolution, and high minded integrity, with which we now bid one another "farewell."

Dance of the Nymphs

Hark! the bell is tolling midnight:
In the forest green,
All the woodland nymphs are dancing
'Round their fairy queen.

Lovely queen and lovely maidens
Weave the mystic maze,
Sheen of dewdrops glints and sparkles
'Neath the soft moon rays.

Moonlight wanes and stars grow dimmer,
Ends the sylvan ball;
Fairy folk far hence must hasten
Ere the larks first call

Class Statistics

The graduating class of 1919 of the DeLand Township High School is the greatest and best class that has ever graduated from any institution of learning.

With the aid of the following facts, I shall attempt to prove that this class is the best of it's kind, both mentally and physically.

Altho it is not the largest class, it has the distinction of being the first class to publish "The DeLanois."

This remarkable organization has eight members, six boys and two girls.

The average height of the class is 2701.80335 millimeters, the tallest member being a boy 1803.40355 mm. tall and the shortest a girl 1600.20315 mm. tall. The total height of the class is 13614.42680 mm. It would take 6808 twenty dollar gold pieces to make a pile as high. This gives just a faint idea of the value of the class.

The total weight of the class is 503085.25280 grams or 1110 pounds, and the average weight is 62885.64410 grams or 2220 ounces.

The average text book weighs 810 grams. It would take 6314 text books of the average size to equal the weight of our class. This shows the amount of knowledge possessed by the class.

The age of the oldest Senior is 169440 hours, 59 minutes and 57.48 seconds, while that of the youngest is 144679 hours, 13 minutes and 10.99 seconds. The total age of the class members is 1275120 hours, 23 minutes and 13.879 seconds.

An ordinary school term consists of 36 weeks or 180 school days. Six hours are spent in the school room five days out of each school week. From this we conclude that each Senior has gone to school 103680 hours, or 12 years, showing that all but 40992 hours, 20 minutes, 10 seconds of his life have been spent in institutions of learning.

Practically all the members of the class are of American parentage, but Saxons, Angles, Jutes, Greeks, English, Italians and Turks are also represented.

100% of us are natives of Illinois.

100% of us had blue eyes when born, but now all colors of the Solar Spectrum are represented.

Most of the class have dark hair and large noses.

All but two teeth are present in the entire class.

The average size of shoe worn by the class is 6.

100% of the class have been in high school only four years.

The Seniors have walked 31417891920 millimeters or 192160 miles

in going to and from high school, which is equal to seven times the distance around the world with a few millimeters to spare.

Our class has been active and expert at throwing notes and 42420 foot pounds of energy have thus been wasted. I might add that 50.7% of the above notes were passed by two members of the class, a boy and girl, the other 49.3% by the rest of the class, showing that these two had a monopoly on notes.

The total space occupied by the class is equal to that of 2432 bricks. These bricks if properly placed, would make a wall 320 millimeters thick, 1002 millimeters high and 24000 millimeters long.

The distance from the assembly room to the laboratory down two flights of stairs is 731521440 centimeters, the weight of the class as stated before is 503085.25280 grams, hence 36807364757102003200 dynes of work were done by the seniors in passing to and from classes each time going up and down the stairs. This does not include the work done by Sally in making two or three trips every day after her powderpuff or the books she had forgotten.

The mental or educational side will now be considered:

The class has written 2784 examinations or 348 per member. We have written 2701 themes. These feeble attempts required 23503 sheets of paper and 1800900560 cubic centimeters or twenty quarts of ink.

Our favorite study is bookkeeping.

The one most disliked is economics.

But why say more? The most casual reader may see at a glance that the facts already stated prove my proposition. Figures are tedious unless needed for proof, whence I conclude by asking you to re-read the opening statement of this truthful record.

WILLIAM AHLRICHS '19.

Dick's Dream

I wish all the money I've foolishly spent,
Would return to my pocket-book store,
What joy and delight I should know as I went,
To foolishly spend it once more.

Merle Berry (hunting for a job)—"Have you an opening for me, Sir?"
Busy Boss—"Yes, right behind you, close it as you go out."

Can You Imagine---

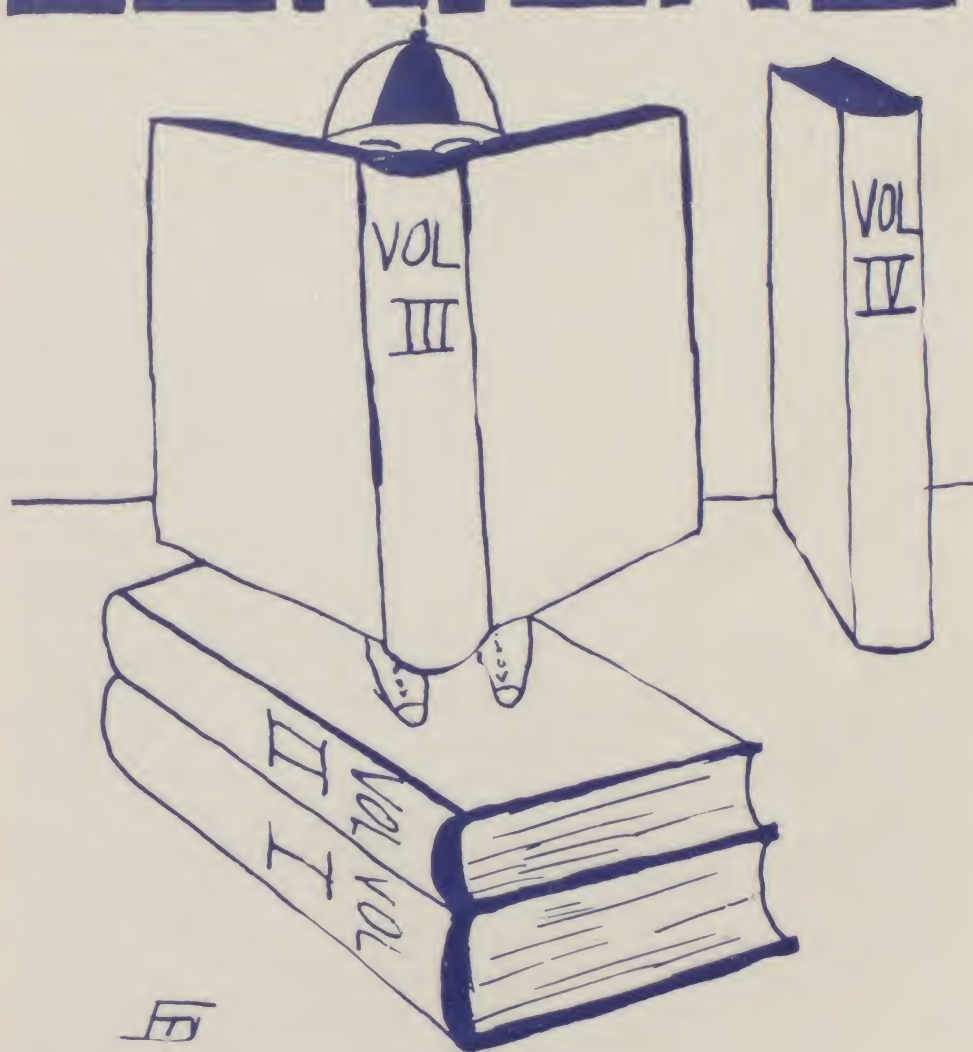
Ivan Trigg with his mind concentrated upon his work?
Berlie Hart calmly watching the ball go up at center?
Lenora and Gladys not talking in the assembly room?
Geneva Porter getting less than 100 in Geometry?
Eva Barnes with no questions for the teacher?
Homer Prine without his answer book?
Russell Troxel back to school at 1 o'clock sharp?
Frank McMillen giving a long loud recitation?
Opal Bickel not talking?
Cleo Porter studying latin?
Shirley Troxel doing the bookkeeping without a key?
Gerald Holforty "starring" in physics?
Brent Cox catching a ball on the run?
Clara Anderson teaching chemistry?
Clarence Smith as short and stout?
Hugh Plankenhorn singing "with your hair cut just as short as mine?"
Essel Smith missing his mark with a paper wad?
John Huisinga giving an oration?
Dick Haggard failing to visit the bowling alley at noon?
Merle Berry, the reformer, preaching against cigarettes?
Eugene Sparrow as worried and careworn?
Prof. Jones helping the boys as long as the girls ask questions?

Of Course You Can't!!!!

The world is old, yet likes to laugh,
New jokes are hard to find,
And e'en a whole De Lanois Staff
Can't tickle every mind;
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a joke,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Miss Boling—"Elizabeth, what is water glass?"
Elizabeth—"It is what helps one keep eggs down."

JUNIORS





THE JUNIOR CLASS

PHOTO BY LIESTMAN

Junior Class History

September 6, 1916 the class of '20 entered DeLand High School and were classed as freshmen. Of course, all freshman are considered green and we were not an exception to the rule. Although we had to endure the many jeers of the upper classmen, this did not detract from our good times.

Near the last of September the entire High School, with Miss Boling as chaperon enjoyed a hay-rack ride which ended in a weiner roast in Dresback's timber.

Near the close of school, the Juniors gave a reception to the Seniors and because of the small number of pupils attending High School at that time we were all invited. This was given at the country home of Gerald Holforty.

On May 23, an oratorical contest was held in Monticello. Two members of the Freshman class entered, but although they acquitted themselves well, they did not win first honors.

When we again entered school in the fall of 1917, we had an entirely different feeling from that of the preceding year. We had been in High School one year and felt that we knew all there was to know. We realize now that this is a feeling characteristic to all sophs. We were able to increase our enrollment now because at this time D. H. S. was made a Township High School.

That year a High School Orchestra was organized and three of our number held prominent places. Near the end of the term the Orchestra gave a concert. Two members of our class had solos.

This year was one not to be forgotten. Each month Birthday Parties were held in Miss Boling's large recitation room. How the time did fly at these parties. Good games as well as good 'eats' were always provided for and, oh, what looks of gloom, when Mr. Jones would say "11:30."

In the fall of 1918 things had made such a complete change that we hardly knew where we were. Teachers! Teachers everywhere. Our High School was so increased that there was not room in the assembly for all the students enrolled. The smallest class had to make the little English room their headquarters and luckily that fell to the Juniors. 'Tis true we are separated from the rest of the High School but what does that matter? Just quietly take a peep into our little den at the noon hour and find out for yourself.

According to preceding custom we did not organize our class when we were Freshmen and Sophs, but since we now have a Township High, we have an organization with the following officers: President, Holdo Riggins; Vice-President, Berlie Hart; Treasurer, John Frye; Secretary, Elva Conner; and each member doing his or her part to make our Junior year a success.

ELVA CONNER '20

SOPH



Sophomore Class History

This evening, as I sit dreaming by the fire-side, visions come to me—visions of OUR CLASS loitering in the halls, and strolling to class-rooms. I see nine distinguished-looking pupils come into a bare and cheerless school-room. Look! The very bareness of the room is brightened by their presence. It was a warm day in September, 1917, when the Freshman class of that year entered school.

But hark! Do I not hear music? It is the High School Orchestra, and I see the faces of my classmates, six of whom are playing it. Indeed, mine is a dramatic as well as a musical class. Another ember flares up! I hear voices that I have oft heard before in class rooms. The play "Claim Allowed" is being staged, and, wonders of wonders, a "freshie" has one of the leading parts. There are three others from our class in the play.

It is a bright spring day. The physiography class is going for a hike. What a wild scramble there is! Mr. Eaton is as gay as the gayest; but they are not bent on pleasure, as I can see from the serious faces of the members of the class as they discuss various subjects.

And now it is the last day of school. It was not all fun nor was it all work, but I see they are surely glad that school is out. A splendid year's work has been done and all are happy in the consciousness of this.

The school bell is ringing once more, and I see my old classmates, not as poor freshies, but as learned sophomores. One more scholar is permitted to join our worthy class, making a class of ten. I see how condescendingly we look on the poor freshies, but (as one of the "sophs" observes) every one must be a freshman sometime.

Once more the scene is changed. Some of us are in the cooking class. The girls are making muffins and we are allowed to taste them. How delicious they are! This fact is not at all remarkable as all of the cooks are sophomores.

Once more I hear music; that of voices singing—sweetly indistinct. I recognize voices of my class mates. The music must come from the Glee Clubs. The strains grow louder. The orchestra has joined the Glee Clubs. All of the sophomores are either in one or the other. Did you say this was a remarkable record? Oh! Yes; but then one can not expect anything else from this class.

As the embers of the fire are dying down, my visions become hazy and indistinct. The work of our class is dying down too. But I can make the embers burn brighter and when they do, I know that the class will shine all the brighter. I'm tired and sleepy—I think I shall leave that for the future!

GENEVA M. PORTER '21



PHOTO BY L. E. TMAN

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

ADVICE TO CLASSES

Grams—Bear all troubles patiently.

Freshies—Be brave in the struggle of life.

Sophs.—Never attempt to appear more than you are.

Juniors—Employ your time well.

SENIORS

All things come to those who wait,

That's what they use to say;

But we observed some whims of fate

Don't pass out things that way.

Characteristics

Freshman Year—"Comedy of Errors."

Junior Year—"As You Like It."

Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Little daubs of powder,

Little spots of paint,

Make Dorothy and Elva

Look like what they ain't.

Miss Fry (In geometry)—"Ray, what is a polygon?"

Ray B.—"A dead parrot."

Teacher—"Homer, who was Columbus?"

Homer—"The Gem of the Ocean."

Miss Boling (In cooking class)—"Yes, fish is very good for the brain."

Dorothy—"What kind would advise me to eat?"

Miss Boling—"Whale."

Mr. Simer—"Who was Joan of Arc?"

A Freshie—"The wife of Noah."

Miss McCammon (In English class) "Can any on give me a word ending in o-u-s such as dangerous, meaning full of danger, or hazardous, meaning full of hazard?"

Dick—"Pious, meaning full of pie."

FRESHIES



Sharrow

Freshman Class History

Had one taken a bird's-eye view of Goose Creek township on the morning of September Second, nineteen hundred and eighteen, he might have seen numerous groups of students laughing and talking together as they hurried along the road.

A closer look at these groups, that were entering a building which was nothing other than the large, red brick school house, showed a vast difference between them. Some cast a condescending look at a large group of us "Freshies to be!" Thru all this scrutiny we were trying "to hold down the front steps," because we lacked the nerve to enter the assembly room in front of all our elders. The Seniors gave us paternal glances as they passed us. Others threw impertinent answers to us when we asked what we thot to be wise questions.

Once in the assembly room, we heaved a sigh of relief. After singing, there was a gathering of books, a wild scramble down four flights of stairs, and an unorderly capturing of seats in the Science Laboratory. After Science Class, seemingly unending, a bell rang from somewhere and the whole class jumped. It was just an incident in the day of unexpected events. In Algebra, English and History classes, each one of us held our breath for fear of being the next to be called upon to recite. Those selected were sadly confused. In drawing, the strain was relaxed a little. This gave us time to realize that we really had an appetite for dinner.

As the year progressed one day was marked by the memorable training in marching up and down stairs. The "why and the wherefore" was simply that we might learn to march to and from our classes in a more quiet manner. The time of our classes and the strain of reciting, grew shorter and less nerve-wrecking, not in reality, but in imagination. Into the membership of Girl's and Boys' glee clubs, which were formed, five of the Freshies were accepted. In the Basket Ball team, which "got Cisco's goat," none figured quite so well as our "Bud," "Liesy," "Ted," and "Hart." Seven of our Freshmen proved an important factor in the Orchestra, too.

In a surprisingly short time, it seemed to us that we were really a part of the High School group which we had long viewed with awe! When school closed, we were zealously planning to give the incoming freshmen as warm a reception as the one that we had received. As far as the future was concerned, we knew that the Junior and Senior years would take care of themselves, and that our class would continue to grow just as we had grown during this Freshman year.

LEONORA GRETHE, '22



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

PHOTO BY LIESTMAN



A BUNCH OF SNAPSHOTS

“Lest Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot.”

ALUMNI

Attention, fellow Alumni! You must use your most vivid imaginations. This is the evening of April nineteenth, 1895, and the old Wigwam is well packed with an excited crowd of people, all of whom have come to witness the very first Commencement exercises of the DeLand High School. Enthusiasm runs high, as the audience cheers the entrance of seven sweet girl graduates, trembling but triumphant, and two of the sterner sex who scorn to show their nervousness. As the orations are given each graduate returns to his chair, to be overwhelmed with flowers sent by his admiring friends. Everybody is there; everybody is proud; everybody is happy. The evening passes into history, as all such evenings must, and from the Wigwam doors step the first Alumni.

Since that memorable event, twenty four classes have gone "out of school life into life's school." They claim various distinctions. The eleven members of '98 hold the honors as the largest class ever graduated, while the one member of '02 reaches the other extreme. The class of 1904, was the last to graduate from the old school-house which burned August 7, 1904. The class of 1909 excluded all girls and were properly repaid two years later when seven maids received diplomas without a single mere man to interfere. To the class of '18 belongs the special privilege of being the first graduates of DeLand Township High School. Last, but not least, the classes from 1908 to 1918 should be extremely proud for they have furnished the D. H. S. quota of twenty-one soldiers, sailors, and nurses, many of whom were active in "making the world safe for democracy" and several of whom are still engaged in the bigger task of making "democracy safe for the world."

There have been many changes in the ways of the world since D. H. S. first sent out her representatives to fight their own battles. Since that time our band has increased to one hundred sixteen members, most of whom are doing their best to fill their niche in life nobly. Are we proud of the institution which helped us so mightily by giving us a fair start toward our goal? We certainly are! Neither is our pride without foundation, for our school has kept pace with the educational spirit of the times. We have watched her steady progress with interest and approval. Many of us, still in our home community, have been able to give her our whole-hearted support and those more distant are none the less concerned. Alumni association—there is none, but of loyal Alumni there are many. May the spirit and the standard of D. T. H. S. ever be maintained as that of a school among schools!

Graduates of DeLand High School

1895—Prin. A. Clyde Staley (Deceased)

NAME	MARRIED NAME	ADDRESS
Amann, Nannie	Mrs. Jas. W. Gessford	DeLand, Illinois
Bowsher, Frona	Mrs. J. W. Thomas	Pana, Ill.
Campbell, Ray		Holyoke, Mass.
Dresback, Jessie	Mrs. Jefferson Ennis	Weldon, Ill.
Fuller, Lizzie	Mrs. J. C. Hogan	Aberdeen, Wash.
Gordon, Maggie	Mrs. George Adams	R. F. D., DeLand, Ill.
Kesler, Maude	Mrs. W. J. Anderson	R. F. D., Weldon, Ill.
Parsons, Delta	Mrs. F. W. Keel	Monticello, Illinois
Porter, C. J.		DeLand, Illinois

1896—Prin. E. C. Graybill (Address Unknown)

Borton, Byron		North Yakima, Wash.
Gordon, Mollie	Mrs. Homer Reid	Bridgeport, Conn.
Morgan, Edward		Champaign, Ill.

1897—Prin. E. C. Graybill

Beck, Mabelle	Mrs. Mabelle Weider	Chicago, Ill.
Dillavou, Walter		Galesville, Ill.
Hursh, George R.		DeLand, Ill.

1898—Prin. H. S. Davis

Davis, Mary	Mrs. Mary Howland	Spokane, Wash.
Dresback, Irma	Mrs. Floyd Rankin	Marseilles, Ill.
Gantz, Inez	Mrs. G. R. Hursh	Sidney, Ill.
Garver, Charles		DeLand, Ill.
Langdon, Earnest		DeLand, Ill.
Porter, Clyde H.		Decatur, Ill.
Porter, Gail Q.		DeLand, Ill.
Rinehart, J. Bruce		Torrington, Conn.
Rinehart, Roy		DeLand, Ill.
Tilson, Rosella		Kansas City, Mo.
Rankin, Floyd	Mrs. Henry Eyler	R. F. D., DeLand, Ill.
		Sidney, Ill.

1899—Prin. H. S. Davis

Armstrong, Frank L.		Helena, Mont.
Bowsher, Lade	Mrs. Roy Dewees	Dunlap, Mo.
Chapin, Joyce	Mrs. C. H. Porter	DeLand, Ill.
Dillavou, G. Clarence		Powell, Wyo.
Hursh, Marie	Mrs. Ira W. Gantz	DeLand, Ill.
Mace, Samuel		Cuba, Ill.
Reed, Olive (deceased)		
Rinehart, Grace	Mrs. Grace Maxwell	Champaign, Ill.

1900—Prin Arthur Verner

Parsons, Jessie	Mrs. D. W. Hill	Decatur, Ill.
Robinson, Mabel	Mrs. G. S. Walker	Davenport, Iowa
Thomas, Allen		DeLand, Ill.
		Spokane, Wash.

1901—Prin. Arthur Verner

Campbell, Caddie	Mrs. Oscar N. Moody (deceased)	
Churchill, Olive		Des Moines, Iowa
Deweese, Roy		Dunlap, Mo.
Dillavou, John M.		Old Colony Bldg., Chicago
Hassinger, Frank		Springfield, Ill.

1902—Prin. Noah Young

Richards, Pearl	Mrs. Pearl Storm	(Address Unknown)
		Laomi, Ill.

1903—Prin. H. H. Kirkpatrick

McBride, Edna	Mrs. Earl Hays	St. Joseph, Ill.
Porter, Fanny	Mrs. Webb Herlocker	DeLand, Ill.
		Galesburg, Ill.

1904—Prin. H. H. Kirkpatrick

Churchill, Pearle		Trenton, Ill.
Grethe, Antonio	Mrs. R. M. Hathaway	Farmer City, Ill.
Grethe, Augusta	Mrs. Arthur Gill	Keokuk, Iowa
Hays, Emerson		Champaign, Ill.
Lowman, Goldie		(Address Unknown)
Swisher, Grace	Mrs. John Remmers	Monticello, Ill.

1905—Prin. O. N. Kiger

Borton, Gail		(Address Unknown)
McBride, Harriet	Mrs. I. C. Bowsher	Tower Hill, Ill.
		DeLand, Ill.

1906—Prin. H. L. Dyar

Bowsher, Gertha		Villa Grove, Ill.
Bowsher, Zina	Mrs. Howard Kahler	Kansas City, Mo.
Braumiller, Edna		Manteno, Ill.
		Champaign, Ill.

1907—Prin. Leo Stuckey

Bickel, Harry E.		(Address Unknown)
Eubanks, Charles		DeLand, Ill.
McMillen, Edna	Mrs. Earl Hiett	Ames, Iowa
		DeLand, Ill.

1908—Prin. Francis Thompson

Bowsher, Cecil		Bismarck, Ill.
Bickel, Herbert		DeLand, Ill.
Cathcart, Irl		Burlington, Iowa
Goodman, C. Frank		DeLand, Ill.
Hays, Lola		Fillmore, Ill.
Hays, Lula	Mrs. Lula Richards	Bloomington, Ill.
Kesler, Lorin P.		Bloomington, Ill.
Kesler, Merle C.		Eureka, Ill.
Marquiss, Mary	Mrs. Clarence Baldwin	Washington, D. C.
McMillen, Martha	Annagar	Albion, Ind.
		Winona, Ill.

1909—Prin. Francis Thompson

Borton, Edwin		Beloit, Wis.
Braumiller, Earl		Moline, Ill.

*Carter, Donald H.
-Parrish, Herbert d?

DeLand, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.

1910—Prin. Francis Thompson

-Mill, Jeanette d
-Souders, Ralph d

Chicago, Ill.
San Francisco, Cal.

1911—Prin. Otto Weedman

*Bickel, Lola
-Bowsher, Jennie d
-Hassinger, Frona
-Miller, Corda r
-Murphy, Haidee
-Parrish, Ella
-Winters, Mary ?
Mrs. Harve Caylor
Mrs. Jesse Gray
Mrs. Edward Gast

Bement, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Champaign, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Nora Springs, Iowa

1912—Prin. Otto Weedman

*Cathcart, Will C
-Gates, Clarence T.
-Grethe, Jannetta
-Miller, C. Dale
-Souders, Gladys
-Souders, Walter E. d
-Trigg, Charles C. d
-Wisegarver, Carter C.
-Wisegarver, Pauline d
Mrs. Henry Remmers

DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Cisco, Ill.
U. S. S. Elcano
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Clinton, Ill.

1913—Prin. Otto Weedman

*Bollenbach, Clarence
*Cox, Leith

DeLand, Ill.
Findlay, Ill.

1914—Prin. Otto Weedman

*Borton, Faurest L.
*Carrier, Virgil d?
*Haggard, Helen
*Murphy, Marian
*Porter, Hazel

DeLand, Ill.
Valewood, Miss.
Chicago, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Decatur, Ill.

1915—Prin. Lewis Bowyer

*Berry, Dean
-Grethe Lena
-Harlow, Iva
-Paugh, Grace
-Robinson, Opal
-Trigg, William G.
-Troxel, Moneta
Mrs. Carl McKinzie

Trenton, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
Monticello, Ill.
Neiber, Wyo.
Farmer City, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.
DeLand, Ill.

1916—Prin. Lewis Bowyer

*Bosler, Glenn

DeLand, Ill.

Conner, Myrta		<i>DeLander</i> Decatur, Ill.
Huisinga, Peter (deceased)		
Reid, Hildred	Mrs. Faurest Borton	DeLand, Ill.

1917—Prin. W. O. Jones

Borton, Lorin K.		DeLand, Ill.
Cox, Faye		DeLand, Ill.
Haggard, Carlton		DeLand, Ill.
O'Brien, Guy	<i>Farrell</i>	DeLand, Ill.
Porter, Harold		Decatur, Ill.

1918—Prin. W. O. Jones

Bosler, Glenn		DeLand, Ill.
Cox, Faye		DeLand, Ill.
Haggard, Carlton		DeLand, Ill.
O'Brien, Guy		DeLand, Ill.
Porter, Harold		Decatur, Ill.
Riley, Glenn		New Albion, Mich.

Those whose names are marked with (■) were in some branch of the service during the World War.

Mr. Simer—"Why was the period from 800 to 1400 B. C., called the dark ages?"

Soph—"Because there were so many Knights."

Mr. Simer—"Tell all you can about the Caucasian race."

Lois Cox—"I wasn't there. I was at orchestra practice."

Mr. Jones—"What three words are most used by High School pupils?"

Soph—"I don't know."

Mr. Jones—"Correct."

1:30 a. m.—Why out so late?

Russell—"I had some things I wanted to say to her, and I thot I'd stay till I had them said."

Mr. Simer—"Homer, get that monkey grin off your face."

Homer—"I can't help it; I've looked at you too long."



OUR JANITOR

He sweeps and dusts, and builds the fires
To keep us warm and neat,
He fusses much before the door
To make us clean our feet.
He goes on errands for us all,
He mends the kiddies toys
He is our own janitor man
Beloved by girls and boys.

A Wartime Prayer

Written April, 1918.

God of the nations! from whose hand
All of our blessings shower down,
We pray Thee, bless our own dear land
And all her righteous actions crown.

We are assailed by mighty power,
The foe's dread strength we see around;
Oh! aid us in this trying hour
To plan aright and stand our ground.

Oh God! we feel that right and might
Not always firm together stand,
And in Thy clear all-seeing sight
Error and Force go hand in hand.

We stand for those who are oppressed
Wherever such today are found;
And pray our armies may be blest,
Who fight today on foreign ground.

Our hope, our faith, our trust, our all,
We leave with confidence to Thee;
For well we know that when we call
Thou, God of All, wilt hear our plea.

—W. O. JONES



PHOTO BY LIESTMAN

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra

The D. T. H. S. Orchestra has had a steady growth since its organization in the fall of 1917, and is now one of the prominent features of the school life. During our first year, altho many were unexperienced players, the orchestra succeeded in giving one concert and furnished the music for Commencement. At the close of the term, we lost three clarinets, two cornets and our drummer.

Through the summer months of 1918, plans were made for the orchestra the following year, so that when the school term again opened in September we were ready for good hard work. At our first meeting we had the pleasure of adding eleven new members. This increased our orchestra membership to twenty. The orchestra meets for practice on Mondays and Fridays of every week. The first year our rehearsals were held in the school house, but, because of our increase in number and the crowded condition at the school house, we were forced to hold our rehearsals in the Band Hall this year.

The D. T. H. S. Orchestra is self-supporting. It has paid all it's own bills without any outside help whatsoever. Our last concert proved to be such a success that, in addition to paying for our music and instruction we were able to buy a piano for our own use, which remains the property of the school for future orchestras.

The orchestra this year has been much in demand. Besides giving our regular concerts, we have played for class plays, society programs, and commencement. It has proved to be a great success due to the conscientious work of the pupils and their able director, Mr. Harry F. Merry. We have been backed by the community, who by their enthusiastic response to the numbers given, have urged the players to do their best.

For those who will in the future take part in this organization, it will not be so difficult to be faithful, for the days of doubt are over. Every one realizes that the orchestra is now an established part of the school. So for the years to come, we prophesy great things for our D. T. H. S. Orchestra.

DOROTHY O. McBRIDE, '21



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Officers

President ----- Opal Bickel
 Secretary ----- Gladys Dresback
 Director ----- Laura W. Fry

Members

Lois Cox
 Opal Bickel
 Dorothy McBride
 Geneva Porter
 Faye Cox
 Marie McBride
 Gladys Dresback

Esther Robinson
 Leonora Grethe
 Elizabeth Carter
 Gladys Conner
 Cleo Wisegarver
 Gasena Huisinga

Calendar

Organized, September 1918
 Sang for:

High School Assembly.
 Domestic Science Club.
 Senior Class Play.

Second Orchestra Concert.
 Baccalaureate Service.
 Commencement.



Social Events

Farewell Party

On the evening of September 30, 1918, the Seniors gave a farewell party to two departing members, Lawrence Rudisill and William Ahlrichs, otherwise known as "Pete" and "Bill." The Juniors were also invited.

The boys having registered for service in the U. S. Army, took advantage of the opportunity offered by the organization of the S. A. T. C. and enrolled for service in the unit established at Wesleyan University at Bloomington, Illinois.

As might have been expected the entertainment provided for the evening was of a military character. Each boy was compelled to register. Each girl was given a number to correspond with the one on the boys' registration cards. When all had found their partners, the fun began. Various contests were engaged in during the evening. As per a definite schedule, questionnaires were filled out and read for the amusement of all. The mess call then sounded and "chow," consisting of sandwiches and cocoa was served.

At quite a late hour, the party broke up. Altho we were saddened at the thot of losing our classmates, we were proud to have our boys don the khaki. Knowing that they were "doing their bit," we put our feelings aside and with a "Good-bye, Good Luck and God Bless You," we parted.

Club Reception

On October 3, 1918, Miss Mary E. Bondurant and Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Trenchard entertained the members of the Woman's Club and their husbands, the teachers of the public school and the Seniors at a reception. During the evening a patriotic program was given. Mrs. Dunlap of Savoy, and Mr. Lodge of Monticello, delighted those present with discussions of current topics. The Seniors sang some popular patriotic songs. As the guests departed they expressed their appreciation of the program.

Valentine Party

Miss Lois Cox entertained the High School and Faculty at a Valentine party on Friday, February 14, 1919. All formality of the occasion vanished with the "Red Hot" hunt. With the ice broken, the same spirit prevailed during the entire evening. Much enjoyment was afforded by the clothes-pin race. Among other interesting events of the evening were the readings and music by Misses McCammon and Leith Cox. One of the most amusing numbers was the stunt show representing recent happenings in the high school. There was also a mock wedding staged. The last stunt was nine "rahs" for

Lois as an entertainer, after which the guests departed wishing that they might spend such enjoyable evenings more often.

Penny Social

On March 14, 1919, the Seniors gave a "Penny Social," the proceeds of which were turned into the fund for the publication of the Annual. Each guest was required to pay a penny for each letter in his name. Various fines were imposed during the evening. The entertainment was in the nature of a St. Patrick's Day celebration. Much merriment was afforded by the boys threading a needle while sitting on jugs. In spite of the fine electric display given by Dame Nature, many were present. All departed at a late hour feeling grateful to St. Patrick for having afforded an opportunity for such amusement.

Precept and Practice

Professor Jones, in our high school,
Lays down, with stress, an urgent rule.
We thrill to him, as he declaims:
 "Be candid. Don't evade.
Give all things plain, unvarnished names,
 And call a spade a spade."

Professor Jones, in his back lot,
Lays out, with sweat, a garden plot.
We pause to watch his laborings,
 And listen, half afraid,
To hear the strange, unnatural things
 He calls his rusty spade!

—Harper's Magazine

Prof. Merry—"Make that note with your thumb alone."

Cleo W.—"What?"

Prof. Merry—"Make it with your thumb alone."

Cleo (still in the dark)—"Did I come alone."

John Fry (to Merle Berry)—"Have you been thru algebra?"

Merle—"Yes, but it was dark and I didn't see much of the place."

School Calendar 1918-19

September:—

2. Registration and assignments.
3. To work.
4. Senior class organizes.
5. Our class president takes a "nap".
6. Class meeting. Shall we publish an annual? Yes!
10. The Annual completely planned.
11. Mercury stands at 90. We are wondering about the grades on our test papers.
16. More Freshmen! The sewing room is now a part of the Assembly.
18. Out for the picnic.
20. Mr. Simer is *so* sleepy.
23. Girl's Glee Club organizes.
25. Boy's Glee Club organizes.
27. "Bud", did you know Hugh was in school?
30. Farewell social for "Bill" and "Pete."

October:—

2. Senior class reception by the Woman's Club at G. R. Trenchard's.
7. Still the same old "grind".
9. The report cards are out. 'Nuff Said'.
10. A little Flu.
13. More Flu.
14. Too Much Flu. 'Quit.'

November:—

13. School again.
14. The chemistry class starts a new Lab. plan.
18. Have you paid your music dues? Miss Fry.
20. Girl's Glee Club hold their 'Weakly' practice.
22. Rain.
25. Bill to the rescue in the sewing room! A Mouse! A Mouse!
27. Basket Ball game with Cisco. "I'd say we did."
28. Thanksgiving.
29. No school on account of Flu.

January:—

13. Doc says we can have school.
14. Now from 8:40 a. m. till 4:20 p. m.
16. No semester exams.
17. No semester exams.
20. A new tardy rule. Look Out!

22. Nothin' doing today.
23. Where are all the thistle tubes?
Look out for your Lab. cards!
27. A basket ball goal in the yard.
29. Bill plus Shirley divided by Miss McCammon equals ?????
31. Cisco-DeLand game in Monticello. Score: 18-15 in favor of DeLand. Rah! Rah! Rah!

February:—

3. Celebration of the Cisco-DeLand game. Some goat.
5. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh visit the school.
6. Cooking class holds a sandwich sale.
13. Fire bell rang. Time 1:15. Our lucky day, Friday the Thirteenth.
14. Miss Lois Cox entertains the High School and Teachers.
18. The Physics class discover that an echo is the only thing that deprives a woman of the last word.
20. Another sandwich sale. Only 10c.
21. Freshman class present the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice.
24. Please shut the door.—Mr. Simer.
26. Cleo Starts eating cloves. She hopes to reduce her weight.
28. Physics test on 'light'. It failed to be light.

March:—

4. Again!! Have you paid your music dues?—Miss Fry.
6. Chemistry class makes some fire extinguishers. They hope to eliminate the fire drill.
8. Abe Martin Wedding.
10. Miss Fry is sick:. We hope it is not the Flu.
11. Class colors selected.
12. Bill puts the oil stove out. (side of door).
13. Popcorn sale. 5c. Competition for the cooking class.
14. Mr. Simer offers a job in a restaurant to a visitor.
17. Mr. Simer has 3 teeth pulled. Poor Man!
18. Miss Fry is back again.
19. Cooking class holds a candy sale.
21. 7th and 8th grades have Central exams. The High school has visitors.
24. Algebra B learns a new benediction.
27. Monthly exams.
28. Teachers meeting. Vacation.
31. I. Y. E. week starts today.

April:—

2. Holforty gets hold of something he can't drop.
4. Today is Friday.
8. Girls Glee Club practice at 7:30.
9. Girl's Glee Club sings before the assembly. We discover that the Boy's Glee Club is a timid bunch. They have stage fright and run just about time to appear before the assembly. (If we had not stopped them they would have been going yet.)
Drawing class make an excursion.
10. Frogs sing to the Chemistry class. Competition for the Boy's Glee Club.
11. American History class debate.
16. Don't dare touch me.
16. Boy's Glee Club busted.

May:—(Forecast)

10. Community Clean Up.
17. Senior Play.
23. County Contest.
29. Commencement.

Ode to the Cleos

Latin is a dead language,
Dead as dead can be.
It's killed off the Romans
And now it's killing me.

A green little Junie in a green little way,
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave,
O'er the green little Junie's green little grave.

Miss Boling is going around with about two pounds of germicide, in one hand and a telescope in the other, looking for the sleepy one who answered, "Search me," to the question, "Where do the fleas go in the winter time?"



Early Impressions of Some of the Seniors



Isn't he sweet?



Already making eyes



Always in tune



Some kid



A little dear



A youthful ladies' man

Song of Summer Days

O, in early summer mornings
 When the sun is still in bed,
And the bright'ning east is blushing
 With the first faint tints of red,
There's a scented breeze a-stealing
 Across the grass-blown fields,
And the breath of dewy morning
 A sweet, wild fragrance yields;

O, at dusty summer noon-times,
 When the burning sun is high,
All the thirsty earth lies panting
 Beneath the blazing sky;
And the drowsy hum of insects
 Through the quivering air is heard,
With the faint melodic chirpping
 Of a verdure-hidden bird;

O, the magic summer moonlight
 Comes when night has hid the sun,
And from out the vault of heaven
 Twinkling stars peep one by one;
Then the moon weaves webs of silver,
 Fairy threads of bright moon-rays,
And she spreads them o'er the landscape,
 In a shimmering, misty maze.

O, heigh-ho, sweet summer hours,
 The live-long summer's day
If only all your fragrant joys
 Might never pass away!

Dramatics

For a number of years, it has been the custom of the school to present some kind of play during the last few weeks of the year. Until this year, the players have been selected from the entire student body with no regard to class membership. This year it was possible for the Senior Class to give what might be called a Senior play. This was accomplished by the entire class with the assistance of two members of the faculty.

After considerable discussion and the reading of a number of different plays, "The Dust of the Earth" was selected as the one best adapted to our use. After three weeks of study and practice, the play was presented on the evening of May 9th, to a packed house, whose applause during the play and words of appreciation since, have made us believe that our work was thoroly enjoyed by all present.

The play itself seems to have been written for the purpose of displaying the special talents of the various performers. While it is customary to mention the work of the star performers in a write-up like this, to mention one, would be unfair unless each was given an individual commendation.

The story of the play is one in which hatred, kindness, mystery, gossip, trickery, and love each has its place. Altho there are some laughable situations, the play is not a great mirth-producer. Its tone is essentially serious and while the right triumphs in the end, there is more of pathos than of comedy in the scene.

No small part of the success of the evening was due to the work of the High School Orchestra and of the Girls' Glee club. A number of selections were given by each of these organizations and the talent displayed, promises well for the future of the musical work of the school.

All in all, the performance has set a standard which succeeding classes will find difficult to maintain, and we feel that the Class of '19 will be remembered for their histrionic ability if other achievements should be forgotten.

Dedicated to Miss McCammon

Silently, one by one, in the infinite
Books of the teacher,
Blossom the neat little zeroes,
The for-get-me-nots of the Seniors.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"The Dust of the Earth"

A Pretty Drama in Four Acts

By Katharine Kavanaugh

CAST OF CHARACTERS

David Moore, of Maple Farm cottage	Clarence Smith
Susan Moore, his wife	Miss Fry
Elizabeth, their daughter	Cleo Porter
Jerry, their son	Leo Benson
Rev. Dr. Templeton, a young divine	Shirley Troxel
Miss Arabella, the village newspaper	Miss McCammon
John Ryder, the young master of the Maples	Gerald Holforty
Wandering Tom, a mystery	Russell Troxel
Old Mose, his companion	William Ahlrichs
Nell, "The Dust of the Earth"	Opal Bickel

ACT I—Scene, Exterior of Maple Farm.

ACT II—Scene, Interior of the Maple Cottage.

ACT III—Scene, Wandering Tom's Cabin.

ACT IV—Same as Act II.

Given by the Senior Class of the D. T. H. S. with the assistance of Miss McCammon and Miss Fry.

Music furnished by the D. T. H. S. orchestra, directed by Mr. Harry F. Merry.

Vocal selections by the Girls' Glee Club.



Original Short Stories

The Pride of the Watsons

Marian Watson, coming down the steps of the Chemistry laboratory, glanced in surprise about the deserted campus. It had been ten minutes since the last afternoon class was dismissed.

"I'm glad I stayed to finish that sixty-third one, even if everybody has gone off. I won't have the chance to stay and finish many more experiments."

She took a short cut across the campus to the chapel. There she stopped a moment to look up at the high spire as it rose above the elms.

"Oh, how we will miss these buildings each in a different way, too."

She thought of the tennis tournament, but it did not seem to appeal to her. Back of the hill which was called "Little Ben," the sun hung like a large ball of fire. On the hill-top the tall pines were silhouetted against the western sky.

"I'll watch the tournament from the mountain," she thought, "and read my letter."

She had passed the dormitories and had reached the hockey-field, when Doris Snow came running toward her. Doris told her the story of how Prof. Cannon's wife was entertaining a missionary from India. Mrs. Cannon had asked Doris to help with the serving. Doris had forgotten all about it until now, and it would be time for the serving soon. But worst of all, she could not go; she had not copied the report of Dean Shelton's lecture and it was due at press at six-thirty that evening.

Marian had not heard the lecture, of course, but she thought that perhaps she could make out the notes, that Doris had written, so she offered to write it, while Doris left for Mrs. Cannon's. Marian started at once for the mountain. She thought that it would be more quiet there than most anywhere else.

As she walked along the path she saw a girl sitting with her dark head bent over a book.

Marian would not have stopped had not the girl looked so wearied and forlorn. Upon coming closer she recognized her as Pauline Spry.

"Hello, little Soph," she said. "What is troubling you?"

The girl raised her head and the tear stained eyes gratefully gazed into Marian's.

"I can't get my Mathematics' lessons. I hate this book anyway. But Father wanted me to take it."

Marian wanted to help her, but her thoughts strayed back to the dreary hours that she had spent pondering over it, when a freshman.

"Oh, I know what I shall do, I will send you to Harriet Jenkins. She loves mathematics, and I am sure she would be willing to help you. I will write this note and you may take it to her in the dormitory."

Then Marian scribbled on a scratch of paper. "Dear Harriet: If you will help this little Soph, I will darn all those stockings you showed me last evening."

With a sigh of relief the girl took the note and picked up the despised book. She knew that the Senior who had never failed her had once more helped her out.

Marian without any more delay soon reached the hill-top, and tired out from climbing, she sat down to read the letter from home. She opened it to find that it was from her father. He told her of their looking forward to commencement and, last of all, the sentence which rested with Marian more than any other was, "You know the Watsons were always noted for doing great things." As she finished the letter she could hardly hold back the tears, when she thought of having to tell her father that she had received neither first, second, third nor fourth in Greek honors. But she did not cry, that would disgrace a Senior!

One glance at the notebook reminded her of the lecture for Doris. Some of the notes she copied were German and French. Some ideas were on what some college women lack. One sentence in particular caught her fancy. "Most of us are apt to overlook the girl who busies herself about the necessary but unattractive duties of everyday life and to glorify the one who occasionally does some brilliant or spectacular thing. We forget that little things are often biggest in the final count." Marian really wished that she had heard the lecture herself. The idea of "The Great Little Things" interested her.

She picked up her books and started down the path, to take the report to the Dean. She could see the amphitheater aglow with lights. The circling seats were already being filled and many relatives and friends of the graduating class were crowding at the door to see the May Day Fete, in honor of the Seniors, which was to be given at sunset. Girls in costume could be seen darting in and out at side doors to dressing rooms. Marian knew that she must hurry. She dressed in her own room and then wore her rain coat over her costume as she went to the amphitheater.

At the door Marian calmed Ellen Jane by saying, "Of course you'll do all right." Marian had fixed this girl's plaits and tied that girl's girdle, so that everything was in its place.

At last the music began very softly. Deep, dark forests of spruce and pines could be seen as far as the eye could follow. Over the whole

glowed a moonbeam light, blending on the dark green of the forest with the brilliance of the fairy and woodnymph dancers.

It was in the last act that the explosion came! Heavy suffocating smoke filled the dressing rooms. For a moment the stage was in darkness. The smoke finally drifted in the air and the players went on. After the curtain had dropped on the final scene, the Senior President stepped forward and announced the class statistics.

She began, "Friends of Raflear college: Before I announce to the class awards I must explain that the short delay was caused by the explosion of a phosphorus light which was producing for you the moonbeam effects. If it had not been for the thotful work of one member of our class, several lives might have been lost."

A murmur ran over the audience. Everyone wished to know this heroic Senior's name.

The president continued, "I shall now introduce The Most Beautiful Girl, Phylis Borton'.,. She took place by the president's side.

"The Most Talented Girl, Emily Cox."

"The Cleverest Girl, Bess Merrill."

"The Most Intellectual Girl, Harriet Jenkins."

"Upon these four girls have the highest honors of the Senior Class of Raflear College been conferred."

Cheers and applause from the audience filled the air. Boys ran to the stage with flowers for the happy four.

The president of the class stepped farther toward the front. "I have another announcement to make. For many years four girls have stood in this very same place, have been honored in the very same way by their classmates. We, the present class, wish to add the fifth honor, to the best loved girl. Not because of to-night's daring and bravery alone, but because this act helps to show four years of loving and unselfish sacrifice, we honor The Best Loved Girl of our class, Marian Watson."

The blue eyed girl stepped forward in a raincoat which hid her scorched dancing costume.

Seniors raced for the stage, pulled off sashes and used them as pennants. The audience clapped, shouted and waved their handkerchiefs in wild applause. Down in one of the front seats a woman with tear-wet eyes turned to the man beside her, "Henry, think of it! It's our Marian they're cheering."

"Of course, it is Marian. The pride of the Watsons has always been in the doing of great deeds."

CLEO WISEGARVER, '20

Getting Ferdinand's Goat

"We've sure got to fix Ferdinand," Billy exclaimed with an expression of determination.

"Yes, but how in the dickens are we to do it?," Herbert Corey asked. "He has fooled along with the girls of this town long enough. I'm tired of it."

The group of boys gathered in a whispered conference. Ferdinand Montmorency a city boy had been staying with his aunt during the summer vacation. The village boys disliked him very much, because he was snobbish and selfish and also because he won too much favor among the girls of the town. His shoes were always shined, his black hair was always slicked back to the last degree, and of all abominable things, he wore eye-glasses!!!! As one of the boys put it, "He could stare a hole thru a person with them on." There was never a speck of dust upon Ferdinand's clothes. And his speech! That was indeed the despair of the gang.

Ferdinand was soon to go away and the girls were planning a farewell picnic in his honor. It was to be the next day, so the boys felt that if they were to do anything to "take Ferdinand down" it must be done then.

"Don't forget those whips, boys," Frank Rogers yelled back, as he left the group.

The council broke up and the boys went whistling down the street. Billy and James went home together, busily engaged in elaborating "the plot"

"I think that's a dandy plan, don't you? Ferdinand, the dude, won't care about coming back here again after tomorrow afternoon. By jinks, I'm bound to have some fun out of him," remarked Billy, the enthusiastic member of the gang.

"We'll wait and see! But, believe me, he had better not care about it," growled James. "I ain't a gonna let him walk all over me. Goodbye! See you tomorrow at the picnic."

"So long! I can hardly wait until I see Ferdinand on the train headed for Boston." * * * *

The picnic had progressed merrily for the girls and Ferdinand,—but for Billy and James and the rest—goodness! They thought nothing ever moved so slowly before. But then, they were thinking of the treat (?) in store for Ferdinand, the dude.

"Don'cha think it's about time to go after those berries?" Whispered Herbert to Frank. He laughed as he said it and looked meaningly toward Ferdinand.

Yes, I think so myself. You don't think the girls will care if we leave them for fifteen minutes, do yah, Billy?" Frank inquired of Billy as that person strolled over to him.

"O! No! They won't care for us, it will only be for Ferdinand. But just you wait until they see him when we bring him back. O! Boy!" Billy danced a jig in anticipation of the scene. "I'm going to call the dude now, and tell him we want him to go with us after some berries."

This he did. Frank explained to the girls where they were going and asked them to remain where they were until the boys came back. With this the boys left the picnic ground, and started with Ferdinand for the berries.

"What are you fellows carrying those rods for?" Ferdinand asked as they started.

"Sakes alive boy, where was you raised? Them's whips. We always take 'em along to knock off the berries," innocently answered Herbert.

Ferdinand appeared to believe this and went cheerfully along. The boys climbed a wire fence and entered a blackberry patch. They gave Ferdinand a pail and a whip which they told him to use in picking the berries. They were determined to have all the fun out of him possible. Ferdinand, of course, could not pick berries with a whip and was having a terrible time in the attempt.

"My dear boys, you surely do not wish or expect me to soil my hands in this manner," patronizingly inquired the dandy, with an air of great disdain and contempt.

"Gwan! You're doin' fine. Watch out! There's a bumble-bee. It's smellin' the powder on your face," taunted Billy.

Ferdinand wailed as the bee stung him on the cheek. One of the boys told him that if he would bathe it in mud the sting would be taken out. On the other side of the meadow was a small stream. Ferdinand and Herbert went over to it to give the former a mud bath. Instead of merely putting mud over the sting, Herbert plastered his whole beautiful face. Tying a dirty handkerchief over the sting to hold on the mud, he left him here in the sun—the better to effect the cure.

Unknown to Ferdinand a goat in the patch, was being teased and whipped by the rest of the boys, until it was now running towards him. Herbert saw it, but did not tell Ferdinand until the goat was within ten feet of the latter. Herbert then bellowed at the top of his voice at Ferdinand, who turned and saw the goat coming towards him at full speed.

If the girls could have seen the look on Ferdinand's mud-be-spattered face, the scene that followed would have had no effect upon them what ever. Despair, fear and a look of helplessness combined, made the expression on his face so ridiculously funny to the boys, that they howled with mirth. But (poor boy) Ferdinand thought they were howling with fear for him, so he ran towards the fence where they had entered the patch. The goat turned and followed him.

This fence was within full view of the girls on the picnic ground, who were watching the race between Ferdinand and the goat. The dude reached the fence but the goat was directly behind him. With a look of anguish Ferdinand tried to jump over the fence. He could not! He tried to climb it. Just as he finally managed to get a straddle the fence, he heard shouts of derision from every direction.

Can you possibly imagine his feelings? A sinking sensation came over him. He became so weak that he almost fell off the fence. His head seemed to spin round and round. All he could see was a white blur. The goat was a pony.

GENEVA M. PORTER '21

Life—An Attempt

To begin with I am only a cat. An ugly one at that. I am tigerish, colored with yellow, white and gray spots. I thot I was black until once when I was put into a well to be drowned.

As you know all cats have seven lives, and as I am now living my seventh life, I thought it best to tell you my history while I have the chance.

I didn't belong to anyone. I was a mere outcast or the bad penny of our family of five kittens. Our home had been in an orderly, well kept barn. My brothers and sisters were given as pets to individual members of the family who owned the barn, but they didn't want me, "the little scrawny runt who was so ugly." But I should worry! I started out with a brave heart to find a home for myself, instead of having someone find one for me.

I hadn't gone far, tho, when some lads picked me up. I thot I'd found a home already because I recognized a tie between us. We were all scrawny. I found I hadn't found a home tho, for those boys tied some tin cans with rocks in them to my tail. They then threw rocks at me to make me run, which I did wildly, not knowing which direction to go. When my pursuers had stopped chasing me, I sank exhausted under the porch of a house. I was almost dead and I expect I would have died had I not had six more lives to live.

A little girl living in the house found me, and, taking pity on me, took me into the house. No one appeared to be at home. My benefactress took me into the kitchen and gave me a better meal than I had had for a long time. She then took me to what appeared to be a nursery and here I fell asleep in her doll-buggy. I was awakened by cries and shouts. I jumped up. The air was full of smoke. I didn't see the little girl, so I jumped to

an open window. The flames so frightened me, I jumped from the window upon a mass of people below. The next thing I knew, I was lying alone among some rubbish, my hair was scorched off and I was feeling as tho my time had come. Then I remembered my other five lives and so I jumped up to find something to eat.

I nosed about the rubbish and discovered a can with what looked to be something good at the bottom. I put my head into it and found it wasn't so good after all. I decided to look around some more, but found to my dismay, I couldn't get my head out. Then I heard a dog bark. I ran—I know not where—with that dog after me. When I was about to drop, someone took me up and shook me just like I'd shake a mouse. I prepared to die, but found I couldn't as I hadn't lived all the lives I was supposed to yet. After a great deal of tugging I got the can off my head and faced life once more with a bold face.

I was now on what seemed to be a business street. I saw hunks of meat hanging in a window in one of the stores on the opposite street. I thot there might be a chance for a square meal so I decided to go across. I was still a little shaky from my last escape and so when I got midway across, I became so frightened when I saw a car coming I could not run but stood staunch still. I felt a bump and a push and the breath knocked from me. I didn't know anything until I felt a kick in the ribs and a voice say, "He's dead, I guess that car finished him." But they were mistaken.

I jumped up and ran, amidst their laughter, toward a group of boys. I thot since they didn't feel sorry for me the first time, they would surely do so now. But no! I began to feel something pierce my body like so many hailstones, and I saw it was the boys using me as a target for their air rifles.

I was just about to give up hope, when some one picked me up and said, "I know how to get rid of you, you nuisance." Then weights were tied around my neck and I felt myself dropped. I fell into some water, which seemed to cool my nerves. I struggled for a foot-hold and managed to find one at the side of the well. How I was to reach the top was more than I knew. But soon the problem was solved. A bucket with which to draw water was dropped into the well. I jumped into the bucket and on reaching the top, I jumped out and ran for dear life. This is the time I made the wonderful discovery of what color I am.

So here I am with one more life to live and I am still the same old cat minus some patches of hair, one-fourth of a tail and one-half an ear!

Sure, a cat has seven lives!

LEONORA GRETHE, '22

Advice to Juniors

Always engage in an argument with every one you meet.

Never listen to the other person, for if you do you may forget what you want to say yourself.

Always talk of your private, personal, and family matters, while conversing with strangers. They like to listen to long accounts of how you had the rheumatism.

If you are a politician never talk politics to a woman. Politics never interest women.

If a person makes a mistake in grammar, or mispronounces a word, always correct him, especially if there are several people round to hear you.

If a man has a glass eye, a wooden leg, or a wig, always refer to it.

Never talk in a mild, gentle and musical voice, but toot up high and loud. Drown other's voices, if you cannot drown their ideas.

Advice to Freshmen

In promulgating you esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, or asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremediated expatiations, have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidty. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, either obscure or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Keep from slang, do not put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say, but DON'T USE BIG WORDS.

Teacher—"John, what is a vaccuum?"

John—"I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

Athletics





HIGH SCHOOL BASE BALL TEAM

PHOTO BY LIESTMAN

Top Row—Trigg, Simer (Coach), Holforty

Middle Row—C. Smith, Frye, E. Smith, W. Ahlrichs

Bottom Row—C. Ahlrichs, Hart, Adams (mascot), Benson (captain)

Our Team

Up to the time that The DeLanois went to press, our Baseball Team had played one game. This was with Farmer City and resulted in our favor by the score of 18 to 4. In this game Capt. Benson showed that he is there with the goods both in the box and as director of his team. The other members of the team furnish that sort of support which helps win and we believe that we have a chance of winning the greater part of the games yet to be played.

The success of our boys in Athletics this year promises well for the development of good teams next year. The small number of games played makes a poor showing, but with more favorable conditions and the development of a healthy school spirit, we are hopeful for better things in the future.

A Plea for High School Athletics

Among certain classes of people there has always been a failure to recognize the true value of Athletics and Physical Training. This attitude leads, in some instances, to much misdirected criticism of this part of the work of the high school, and in other cases, to a failure to properly support the various teams in their endeavors.

In the first place, the physical development resulting from athletic training is a strong argument for the maintenance of such work as an integral part of high school activities. Most games, if played with spirit, call for vigorous exercise, deep breathing, and muscular endurance. They are played in the open air and tend to counteract the confining and enervating influences of the school room.

In the second place, the various games when played with skill and success call for mental alertness as well as physical endurance. The players must exercise quick judgment, ready action, and tact. They must have the power to "size up the other fellow's play in advance," and to plan their own play to foil the opponent successfully. This alertness, this judgment, this ability to meet and quickly surmount the situation is developed more in athletics than in any other part of the high school training.

In the third place, the moral training acquired thru athletics is equally important and thoro. Clean sport calls for fairness, honesty, justice, a regard for the "other fellow's rights," determination to win if possible, and, "last but not least," the ability to do team work. Human endeavor in this age is less and less a matter of individual effort. Our present social and governmental structures, enlarged as they have been by the World War, call for united effort—effort without waste by duplication and poor correlation—and just such ability as is developed by high school and college athletics.

Do you know why the American boys turned the tide that won the war? It was not that they were highly trained soldiers, for they were not, but that they were trained in alertness, in team work and quickness of judgment, in accuracy of aim and in the ability to anticipate the opposing movements and thus counteract their force. Their courage was high; they knew no fear; they were determined to win. It was that old athletic spirit put to a new use. The preparation for this war had been going on for years on the diamonds, gridirons, school grounds, vacant lots, and back-yards, all over America.

We may conclude, therefore, that athletics, so important in the development of the mind and body, should receive the heartiest support of the students, the faculty, and the patrons of the high school. The work in high

school is the foundation for life to come. Let us look into the future as we view D. T. H. S. and continue our efforts for both physical and intellectual development. We need your co-operation in athletics! Are you giving it?

STAFFORD L. SIMER, Athletic Director

"The Basket Ball Team"

Ivan Trigg:

"Bud" was captain of the team that played with Cisco, and his work was indicative of the ability that will show up in later years. His place was center and forward. He is a clean player, with worlds of courage, a sure shot from the field, and a good leader.

John Frye:

John played center for us at Monticello, holding his opponent to a single basket while he poked in four himself. He was quick as greased lightning, and could always beat his man to the ball. We predict that you'll hear about "Johnnie" next year when basket ball season is on.

Ross Chaney:

"Skinny" played forward and was especially good on team work. His athletic ability, in fact, was noticeable in every game.

Harold Liestman:

"Liesy," our star forward was the pivot in both games in which he played. He is a dead shot from almost any spot in the field, and is unusually successful in his free throws. With a little age and height he will have no trouble in making the team and proving a valuable man at any position.

Berlie Hart:

To see Berlie in a game is like watching an electrified jumping jack with the St. Vitus dance. But he is a fighter from start to finish and many an opponent's play was broken prematurely by his being "right in the way."

Theodore Holforthy:

"Ted" and Berlie, are the charter members of the "Wildcat Organization." When once in the game, Ted is a scrapper, and his quick, accurate passing is enough to foil almost any opponent. At any rate, these two guards seldom let the other side look at the ball, and then only for a very limited period of time.



BASKET BALL TEAM

PHOTO BY LIESTMAN

Our Soldier Boy



William George Ahlrichs entered the DeLand High School, with the rest of us in the fall of 1914. He registered in the United States Army September 12th, 1918.

Regretting the leaving of his High School in his Senior year, but placing his country first, he left DeLand on October 1st, 1918 and was enrolled in the S. A. T. C. of the Wesleyan University at Bloomington. Owing to unavoidable delay, he was not inducted into the service until the 21st of that month.

It being "Bill's" nature to joke with others and not talk of himself, we know very little of his military life. His association with us for the little more than three years of High School work erases every doubt concerning the character of his conduct while in the service. As a proof of the correctness of our estimation of what "Bill" is, he received his honorable discharge on December 14th, 1918.

Wishing to be fully equipped for service to his country, not only as a soldier, but as a citizen, he returned to the old High School on January 13th 1919.

We were glad to have "Bill" back with us and are pleased with the unquestionable advance that he has made toward citizenship.

Here's to "Bill," our soldier classmate,
Loyal, witty, true and brave;
And the flag he loved and followed
May it ever o'er us wave.



In Memoriam

MARRIED



ENLISTED



ALSO ENLISTED
ALSO MARRIED

Getting Out The Annual

BEFORE.

Get out an Annual! Well I should say,
We'll turn that trick in about one day.
If you think we can't, we'll show you quick
That that's a stunt we'll do right slick.
Those other staffs in other schools
Were surely "mutts" or "bums" or "fools."
To get out a book the class "nineteen"
Outshines them all that we've yet seen.

AFTER

Thank Heaven it's over; the proofs are read,
We've worried and worked 'til we're nearly dead.
But good or bad at last we're thru
And we hand it wearily over to you.
Knock if you think to knock's a sign
That your critical sense is keen and fine.
We are so glad the blamed thing's done
That we won't fuss with a single one.

F I N I S



SERVICE

That's the Word

It represents the accommodations and conveniences that we have for our Customers.

YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN

This SERVICE is extended to you. Our one ambition is to get the the young people to start a Bank Account with us while they are young, so that they will be thereby the better enabled to "Rest Easy" when they are old.

State Bank of DeLand

E. T. McMILLEN, Cashier

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Building Materials
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YOU are not Eligible
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SORRY CLUB
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*Wedding Ring and
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These Superior Products have a permanent
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FARM MACHINERY AND VEHICLES
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GARAGE AND ACCESSORIES

Expert Workmen

DELAND

ILLINOIS

ATTENTION FRESHMEN!

Don't cry, little kids, don't cry,
They have hurt your feelings, I know;
They have called you green
And been otherwise mean,
But 'twill soon be in "long ago."

Don't cry, little kids, don't cry,
For April and May'll soon pass by,
School will soon be o'er
And in three month more
You'll be Sophs teasing other
"Small Fry."

J. W. GESSFORD

Manufacturer and Dealer of

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BLANKETS, ROBES, and NETS
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HAMMER'S
CASH GROCERY

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Phone 18

Its Worth Your While to Know Us.

Fourteen little Freshmen
Each one verdent green,
Helen quituated
Then there were thirteen.

Thirteen little sophomores
In mischief did delve
Everett went South
Then there were twelve.

Twelve little Sophomores
With faces toward heaven,
Wendell went East
Then there were eleven.

Eleven little Juniors,
All in one pen,
Gerald joined the Navy
Then there were ten.

Ten little Seniors
All looking fine
Pete joined the Army
Then there were nine.

Nine little Seniors
None ever late,
Ersie got married
Then there were eight.

Eight little Seniors
Studying to beat the deuce
May twenty-ninth
Will all be turned loose.

H. B. LUNDH & SON

DIAMONDS

WATCHES

JEWELRY

SILVER

CLINTON

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East Side Square

A COMPLETE SHOWING

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Make our Store your Clinton Head-
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Clinton's Greatest Clothiers

J. E. BICKEL

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Farm Machinery, Vehicles, Automobiles, Etc.

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HEADQUARTERS

for all

STANDARD GOODS

that a

FARMER NEEDS

SEEDS
FEEDS
TWINE

OILS
PAINTS
VARNISHES

"I would not be a Freshman,
I would not be a Soph,
I would not be a Junior,
I would not be a Prof.

But all my worlds ambition
Is summed up in this word,
I want to be a Senior,
And boss this common herd."

"What's the difference between a bee and a girl?"
"I don't know. What is the difference?"
"To be stung by a bee causes swelling of the head.
To be stung by a girl destroys it."

J. BURT PORTERFIELD
GRAIN AND COAL
DELAND, ILLINOIS

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Staple and Fancy Groceries

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“For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow.”

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GRAIN AND COAL
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Wanted:

A ball glove for my head—Holdo Riggins.
Sure cure for heart-ache—Ivan Trigg.
A key for English, Economics, and Chemistry—Senior Class.
A back seat in the assembly room—Esther Robinson.
You to put everything in your desk—Janitor.
A "sheepskin" (anyway I can get it)—Seniors.
Justice and my bond—Brent Hart.
Basket ball players to stay off the flower-bed—Supt.
Advertisements for the DeLanois—Business Managers.
To exchange sandwiches for real money—Domestic Science Class.
A place to play the game—Basket Ball Team and Coach.
Information about Ancient History—Irene Trigg.
Money, Money, Money, Money—Miss Fry.
A girl—Clarence Smith.
Strong armed boys to let my base ball bats alone—Simer.
A girl of my own—Frank McMillen.
A sure anti-fat—The Cleos.

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Buster Brown Shoe Store
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F. J. MAILANDER
Reliable Clothier
MONTICELLO, ILLINOIS

Mary had a little curl,
It hung behind her ear,
And when she went to bed at night,
It hung on the chiffonier.

Girl's faults are many;
Boy's faults are two,
Everything they say
And everything they do.

He held the maiden's hand and said,
May I the question pop?
She coyly bent her pretty head,
"You'd better question Pop."

Earl Hays

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They are all guaranteed by the Manufacturer and by Us.

MONTICELLO

ILLINOIS

ECHOES!

From the Cooking Class.

Miss B: "How may one know when potatoes are cooked?"

Elizabeth: "Potatoes are cooked when they stop boiling."

Dorothy: (Holding the pepper box),
"Miss Boling, is this canine pepper?"

Miss B: "Why should rice and milk be cooked in a double boiler?"

Sweet Sophomore: "Because they set easy on the bottom of the pan."



GOOD PRINTING AND PROMPT
SERVICE OUR HOBBY

The work in this book shows a fair
sample of our printing.

The DeLand Tribune
DeLand, Illinois



OPPORTUNITY calls at times unexpected and her demands sometimes are hard to meet. Have you ready money? Have you an established credit that will enable you to meet her call?

Even if you are unprepared we might help you. At best you will be welcome if you will call.

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